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The Croppy Boy

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THE CROPPY BOY.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and
Publisher, 177, Union-st., Boro', S.E.

IT was early in the spring,
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sung was old Ireland's free.

It was early in the night
The yeomen cavalry came in sight;
The yeomen cavalry was my downfall,
And taken was I by Lord Cornwall.

'Twas in the guard-house where I was laid,
And in a parlour where I was tried;
My sentence passed, and my courage low,
When to Duncannon I was forced to go.

As I was passing by my father's door,
My brother William stood at the door,
My aged father stood there also,
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was walking up Wexford street,
My own first cousin I chanced to meet;
My own first cousin did me betray,
And for one bare guinea swore my life away.

My sister Mary heard of the express,
She ran up stairs in her morning dress,
Five hundred guineas I will lay down,
To see my brother through Wexford town.

As I was walking up Wexford hill,
Who could blame me to cry my fill;
I looked behind, and I looked before,
But my tender mother I shall ne'er see more.

As I was mounted on the scaffold high,
My aged father was standing by,
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was the Crotty Boy.

It was in Duncannon this young man died,
And in Duncannon his body lies;
All you good christians that do pass by,
Just drop a tear for the Crotty Boy.



YOUNG RILEY.

AS I was walking through the county of Cavan,
All for to view the sweet charms of life,
There I beheld a most clever woman,
She appeared to me like an angel bright.

I said, fair maiden, now could you fancy me,
All for to be a young sailor's bride?
Says she, kind sir, I would rather tarry,
For I choose to lead a single life.

I said, fair maiden, what makes you differ
From all the rest of your female kind?
For you are youthful, both fair and handsome,
All for to wed me pray be inclined.

Says she, kind sir, if I must tell you,
I have been married five years ago,
Unto one Riley, all of this country,
'Tis he that proved my overthrow.

He was a young man of handsome fortune,
He courted me both night and day,
Until he had my favours gained,
He left this country and fled from me.

I says, fair maiden, come let us travel,
Unto some far distant shore,
Then we'll sail over to Pennsylvania,
And bid adieu to Riley for evermore.

If I should go to Pennsylvania,
Or if I should go to some distant shore,
Why my poor heart would be always aching,
For my young Riley whom I adore.

It's youthful folly makes young folks marry,
And when we are bound we must obey,
What can't be cured must be endured,
So farewell Riley till a future day.

